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1916



Chips and Whetstones

♦♦ OF ♦♦

V e r s e a n d P r o s e

BY

O. T. DOZIER, M.D., AUTHOR OF
Foibles of Fancy and Rhymes of the Times, Poems
Patriotic, A Galaxy of Southern Heroes, etc. . . .

B I R M I N G H A M , A L A B A M A



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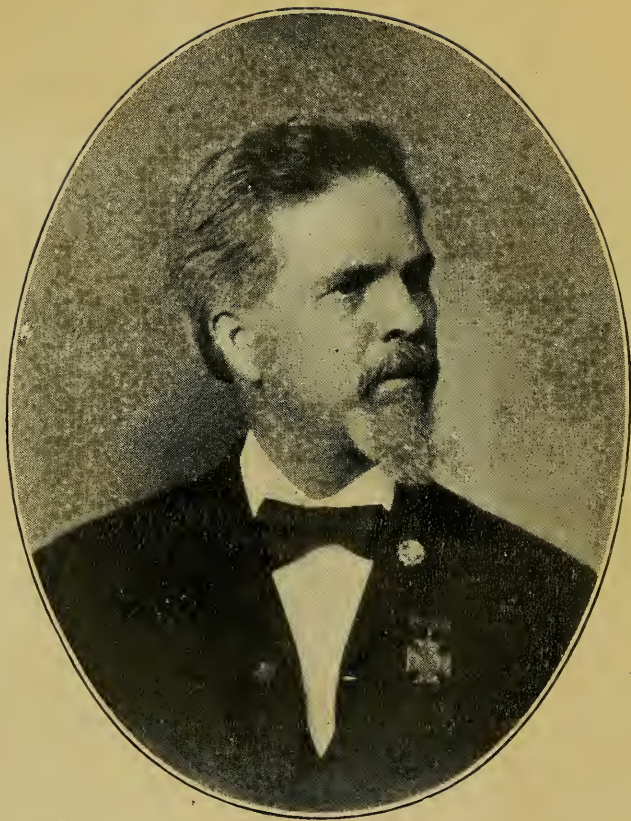
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Dedication

TO my most charitable critics in the past, my warmest personal friends, I most respectfully dedicate this little batch of *Chips and Whetstones*, trusting that their harshest criticism will at least be as generous as that of the old farmer, who on seeing his little pet bull attack an on-rushing locomotive, said: "I admire his pluck, but darn his judgment."

Preface

MY APOLOGY for presenting this brochure of verse and prose is that it is the least of many sins of which I have heretofore been guilty, and in as much as I deny any malice, I trust to the leniency of the public, that my transgression may be regarded as only a misdemeanor and not a capital offense.

A Sermonette

He who has some virtue in an outcast found,
Or stooping, bent to heal a plebeian's wound,
Or halting selfish work, has stopped to dry
The tears from some poor orphan's eye,
Hath preached a nobler, greater sermon then
Than ever yet has come from tongue or pen.

Uncle Hillbilly's Wish for Resurrection Day

In the morn of resurrection
When old Gabriel toots his lute,
And them that's fated downwards
Prepare to shoot the shute,
And them that's destined upward
To mansions in the sky
Begin to hump and hustle
And spread their wings to fly,
I want the special pleasure—
If such pleasure be allowed—
To be the fust to git up thar,
And to stand upon a cloud,
To watch the big procession
As it marches through the gate,
For my comrades all will be in line
And be coming soon or late:
First, methinks, I'd see my comrades
Of good old Company A
Come swooping up to enter,
With their passports all O. K.

My Captain and my Colonel
I know I'd recognize
As soon as they should come in range
Of my old longing eyes;
And I'll bet Old Pete a thousand—
If to bet he's not afraid—
Not a man will thar be absent
From all my old Brigade.
I know I'd see Joe Johnston,
Old Bragg and General Hood,
Who faced the storms of battle
And swam through seas of blood;
With Joe Wheeler and Pat Cleburne,
John Morgan, Polk and Price,
To Peter give the countersign,
And go thro' in a trice.
Brave old Breckinridge and Faulkner,
Kirby Smith and Old Hardee;
General Forrest and Old Bushrod
And many more I'd see—
With our own R. D. Johnston,
And our late lamented Bush,
In line abreast on that great day, .
All go thro' in a rush.
For they were gamesters every one—
Not a quitter in the lot—
And when it comes to scrappin'
They wuz always on the spot;
And the good Lord loves a scrapper,
When they're thoroughbred and game,
Like Moses and Old Samson, .
And others I could name:
Such as that young feller David,
Who knocked out in one round

The big heavyweight Goliath,
And stretched him on the ground.
And of course, if God loves fighters,
He cannot help but like
The men of Lee and Johnston,
For never down the pike
Came nobler; braver, better men,
Or men of greater might,
Than those who 'neath the Stars and Bars
Fought for God, for home and right.
And if up thar my wish could bring
All those I'd like to see,
I'd have the whole great armies
Of Johnston and of Lee
United in one column grand
Without one man amiss,
Go marching through old Peter's gate
To everlasting bliss.
What matter if among the crowd
Then heading for that place
Should come a few who while on earth
Were somewhat short on grace?
I'll wager now the golden crown
Which I expect to wear
That every one who wore the gray
Will get a welcome there.
For He, the Great Commanding Chief
Of all the hosts on high,
Will look upon a soldier's faults
With kind forgiving eye.
And as He knows their cause was just
And they were brave and true,
He will, no doubt, command old Pete
To let 'em all go through.

I'm sure I'd see brave Mosby there,
Longstreet and Pickett too;
Jeb Stuart and old Beauregard—
Rip roaring Pelham true,
With A. P. and brave D. H. Hill,
And grand old Fitzhugh Lee;
Wade Hampton too, right in the push,
And of course, old General Bee,
With all their men in phalanx grand
Come swooping up on high,
In double quick on spreading wings
To encampments in the sky.
I'd want 'em to come galooting,
Full of vim and full of pranks,
Jest like I used to see 'em
When they charged upon the Yanks.
And then the flag that Peter thar
Would be holding out in sight
Would be a great big banner
Of perfect spotless white;
And them angels and archangels
In Heaven looking out
To see our fellers coming
Would set up such a shout
As would sound just like a Rebel yell
When we put the Yanks to rout.
And when Jackson's brave foot cavalry
Came whooping up the slope
Thar'd be no use for doubting,
Or a moment's loss of hope
That through the gates they'd go right in
Or scale the jasper wall
For nothing save chain lightning
Could Stonewall's men appall.

I would like to see Jeff Davis,
So faithful, firm and true,
Lead up the great procession,
And see them safely through;
And I'd know full well if down the line
A shout rose mounting high,
"That the boys had jumped a rabbit,
Or Stonewall was riding by."
And should I hear some darned galoot
Crying "Mister, here's your mule,"
I'd know that he was poking fun
At some poor country fool.
But like as not, if I was thar
A standin' on that cloud,
I'd be so full of happiness—
A hurraing at the crowd—
That I'd forget just where I wuz
And what I was doin' thar,
And be trying to pluck from Heaven's crown
Its every shining star
To pin upon the faded coats—
Those ragged jackets gray,
Like the women did with roses,
When to war we marched away.
And when grand old Lee on Traveler
Came loping up on high,
Altho' I stood at Heaven's gate
I'd have to yell or die—
For I could no more hold my breath,
Or stop the rising yell,
Than could powder keep from 'splodin'
If dropped in flames of—well,
You know I'd have to give a squall,
Or raise some kind of fuss,
And whether Peter liked or not,
I would n't care a cuss.

A Tribute to Gen. Robert E. Lee

How good of God to give the world
Our own superb, brave Robert Lee,
The noblest, truest type of man
That this old earth shall ever see.

Of stature grand, and stately mien,
With intellect as broad as space,
True wisdom marked his every word,
And kindness beamed upon his face.

No evil deed e'er stained his hand,
No wicked word profaned his tongue,
His heart made pure by heavenly love,
No crime his conscience ever stung.

Majestic in his every pose,
Most dignified in every move;
Yet humbleness and modest grace,
For him a crown of glory wove.

As brave was he as Achilles,
Defiant as Ajax of old;
Yet never act of tyranny
Marred the greatness of his soul.

No taint of hate or prejudice,
E'er swerved the currents of his thought,
Whose trend was but for truth and right,
For which he lived, for which he wrought.

He loved his country and its flag,
The Union as it used to be,
But more than these he loved his God,
His honor and his liberty.

And when the Union was profaned
By despots and fanatics wild,
He turned away in sad distrust:
Its flag no more his heart beguiled.

And when he saw his Mother State
By armed incendiaries menaced,
Forth from its scabbard flashed his sword,
And bravely he the invaders faced.

And like Horatius at the Bridge,
With dauntless heart and faith sublime,
He stood his ground and won a fame
As lasting as eternal time.

And when the storm of war had passed,
When all save honor then had fled,
The world beheld him and with love
Placed Immortelles upon his head.

Thus crowned with honor, love and fame,
His every duty nobly done,
God gave him back to Mother Earth,
Virginia's grandest, noblest son.

And when a million years shall pass,
And thrice ten thousand heirs to fame
Like stars shall rise to shine and set,
Time will but brighter gild his name.

For never since the morning stars
With rapture sung o'er new-born earth,
Has such a God-like man been born,
As when great Robert Lee had birth.

“Dixie”

Poor old Dan Emmett is dead and his body lies at rest in his humble grave, unmarked save by a simple plain stone placed there by the generous hand of one who knew him not in life, but whose heart had been touched and electrified by the musical notes that have served to make the name of Emmett famous the wide world over.

Destined by fate to hardships and poverty, persisting from the morn of his infancy to the night of his exit from earth, he might have faded from the world and gone into eternity, “unwept, unhonored and unsung,” but for the inspiration of “Dixie.”

Little, perhaps, did he dream when his hand was writing the notes of that little musical screech, intended but to serve as a minstrel skit for an evening, that his hand was then building for himself a monument higher than the shaft on Bunker Hill, loftier than the monument to Washington, and more sublime and enduring than the highest pyramid in Egypt.

Whether it was the mere accident of circumstance or the driving force of God’s will, we do not know, but this sublime note of his humble brain has taken its place among the everlasting gems of musical melody to shine forever as one of the brightest of the fixed stars in the heavenly dome of harmony.

I have listened entranced to the great Beethoven symphonies and thrilled with delight at their grand climaxes. I have been wondrously

moved by the heart-enrapturing harmonies of the masterful Wagnerian operas, and have swam in a mazy sea of delight listening to the *Niebelungen Ring*, the master work among all dramatic operas.

My soul has been electrified and delighted with the melodious strains of Verdi's *Trovatore* and *Traviata*. I have reveled in silent bliss listening to the Fugues of Sebastian Bach on the great concert organ.

I have listened with varied emotions to the fickle and fantastic music of Liszt, which moved my emotions to tears and laughter and made me feel for a moment like dancing and the next minute would start my tears to flowing.

I have heard the great oratorios, Schubert's love songs, Schumann's sentimental quartettes and quintettes, and my heart has been solaced by Grieg's Suite of deep thoughts in musical poetry, and with the wonderful songs without words of the mighty Mendelssohn. I have been rapturously spellbound by that greatest of all operas, Gounod's *Faust*, and enjoyed intensely the lighter operas of Strauss, and a thousand times have I felt the enthusiasm that is inspired in the hearts of patriots when the band plays "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

But what were all of these and a world more of such music to me compared to the wonderful, miraculous melody of "Dixie!"

Yes, "Dixie"—grand old "Dixie"—inspired by Jehovah and brought forth from the brain of an humble artisan of music to ring in everlasting strains of joy to the end of time, even as

the words of Him, the lowly Nazarene, who came from the womb of a humble peasant woman, were destined to live and give everlasting hope to the hearts of the millions of earth forever.

A stranger among strangers in a foreign land, oppressed with feelings of loneliness, I have sat me down in a park of wondrous beauty and thought to beguile my sadness by listening to the classical music of a magnificent band performing there. But my heart was dull and the notes fell listless upon my apathetic ear; then there came a change in the program, and I heard the notes of the famous national anthems, and yet my soul was still unstirred, till suddenly, like a heavenly sunburst of glorious enlivening light, I caught the welcome notes of "Dixie."

Then suddenly, as the lightning's light
Dispels the darkness of the night,
My grief had fled, my cares had sped,
The world was bright, my heart was light,
And from my very soul I said:
"I'm glad I live in Dixie."

Beautiful, bewitching, grand and inspiring are the notes of "Dixie."

In the years gone by, when dark clouds and muttering thunders gave forebodings of war, I have heard its clarion call, and seen the farmer leave his plow, the smith his forge, the banker his desk, the mechanic his bench, the merchant his store, the doctor his home, the lawyer his office, the shoemaker his shop—all in unity of

purpose with the inspiration of "Dixie" in their hearts, rushing to the rendezvous of Mars and with gun and saber upon a thousand fields of battle perform the most prodigious feats of valor that earth has ever known.

Yes, I have seen a thousand men in battle line stand trembling and pale while shot, shrapnel and shell from unseen foes came whistling, hurtling and shrieking, striking death and terror in their wake, and I have seen the lips of those brave men purple and quiver with fear while waiting for orders, hesitating in despair and almost upon the verge of stampeding in retreat, but in that very moment when human fortitude and courage seemed strained beyond further endurance I have heard the regimental band break forth with thrilling effect and heard the order, "Forward! Charge!" and with the rebel yell mingling with the shrill, inspiring notes of the music, saw those same men bound forward like a cyclone of destruction—a veritable and mighty besom of wrath sweeping everything before it, for the bands were playing "Dixie!"

And I have sat alone upon the shore of a placid bay at night, my soul subdued with melancholy musings, but aroused by the mellowed strains of music wafted shoreward from the deck of a distantly anchored warship, felt my heart leap with joy as, awakened from my reverie, I seemed to see the reflected stars of heaven wildly dancing with joy upon the rippling waves, keeping time to the joyous notes of "Dixie."

Again, and but recently, I stood a spectator amid a great assemblage within a majestic hall, whose walls were festooned and draped with beautiful flowers and vari-colored buntings, pennants and silken banners. "A thousand lamps shone brightly o'er fair women and brave men." The grand march of gray veterans and beautiful women had just ended. Standing apart with a group of his warrior comrades, a grand old soldier,* with silvery locks and joy-beaming eyes, said to his friends: "When my time comes to go I would that it should be on some occasion like this, when everybody is happy and the band is playing Dixie."

At that instant the blaring band broke forth with the stirring strains of that grand old Southern air, and with an applauding cry of joy from his lips, his stalwart frame trembled and swayed, his eyes glazed, and he was dead. God had heard his words and granted his wish.

Oh! what a sweet and glorious consummation of his earthly career, to have Deity himself intervene and grant his wish, and without a moment of sadness or a twinge of pain, to be translated from that magnificent, gorgeous scene of beauty, peace, happiness and pleasure of earth to scenes of celestial grandeur and seraphic bliss.

And it is no far-strained stretch of my imagination when methinks I see him, smiling still, flitting through space like a meteor of light conveyed by angels bright, through azure seas of

*John A. Mackey, Confederate veteran of Tennessee, fell dead on the floor of the great Confederate Veterans' Reunion hall on the evening of May 18, 1916, just after uttering the words quoted above.

summer night, past shining moons and radiant worlds, great blazing suns and satellites, past paradise to portals grand of that supreme celestial land, and there to see the great white gate rolled back by angel hands that wait, and from within hear angel bands with golden harps and tuneful lyres, attuned to voices of angelic choirs, ringing out with welcome song which heaven's high vaulted domes prolong, to him the warrior bold—the upright man who loved his God and all that clan who were glad to live and die in Dixie.

In Nature Thoughts of God Abide

All Nature is Jehovah's tongue,
From which his thoughts are only wrung
Through diligence and efforts stern,
By those who would his mysteries learn.

There's not a blossom, bud or bloom,
That yields to air its sweet perfume,
But still retains whilst ages course,
The secret of their odor's source.

There's not a clod or common stone,
But holds a secret which if known,
Might yield to him who finds the same,
A glorious and immortal name.

Go view the thousand herbs afield,
In some of which may lie concealed
Some panacea or nepenthe
From ill and pain to make us free.

On earth, on sea, above, below,
Wherever man hath dared to go,
God's hidden mysteries still abound
Which waits man's efforts to be found.

In everything which God hath wrought,
Are secrets great, demanding thought,
And as those secrets we expose,
The more His wisdom we disclose.

In realms above where worlds unknown
Fly circling 'round God's mystic throne,
Ten million secrets yet abide,
Which God to man may yet confide.

But Nature is a stubborn tongue,
From which God's secrets are but wrung
Through diligence and efforts stern,
By those who would those secrets learn.

A Hundred Years from Now

This world is but a living hive
Of drones and busy bees,
Where some must ever toil and strive,
While others take their ease;
Tho' after all it matters not
But little I avow,
For all will sleep and be forgot,
A hundred years from now.

No matter whether rich or poor,
Each life must end the same,
For all there's but one parting door,
Death's portal is its name;
And when we through that portal go,
What matters when or how?
No one will ever care to know,
A hundred years from now.

The high and low, the rich and poor,
Are actors for a day,
The genius and the stupid boor
Each one a part must play
Upon this mundane stage:
Even so must I and thou;
But scarce a thought will we engage
A hundred years from now.

The quest of fame is life for some,
Whilst others live for love,
And sweet success for some may come,
But ruthless fate will prove
That neither fame nor Cupid's art
Can lingering joys endow,
Nor wake one throb in pulseless heart
A hundred years from now.

Behold yon strutting martinet
Who walks with martial stride:
How quick the world will him forget
When he has passed aside;
The poorest plebeian, or his brute
That pulls or pushes plow,
To earth will be as much as he
A hundred years from now.

Then why not let us all be good
And put all caste aside?
Just love each other as we should
While yet we here abide.
Might not we then e'er Styx we cross
Soothe many an aching brow
Of those who too will be but dross
A hundred years from now?

Home

Home, Love, Mother, Wife: these are the four aces in the deck of human language, which, if discarded, would bankrupt the vocabulary of the world. And the first of these four is Home: even as Alcyone is the one bright sun in the Pleiades around which all the constellations of suns, worlds and moons of the entire planetary universe revolve, so is Home the one bright star of all names around which every other word and name with glory fraught, must ever clustering shine.

Without Home, true love would be unknown and there would be no place for mother or wife to hallow, glorify and adorn with her presence, and make sacred for man's abode.

Home is the great center column that supports the mighty dome of civilization. It is the one spot of the world from whence all men measure distance and direction of all other places on earth.

It is the only temple ordained of God wherein man may undisturbed, nurture his nobility of soul, enjoy the majesty of his manhood, and exercise in full the magnanimity of his love, kindness and fidelity. It is the sacred altar from whence all men derive their first inspirations of truth, tolerance and virtue, and learn to reverence God and respect woman.

And every home on earth, "Be it ever so humble," if hallowed by faith, love, constancy and peace, is a holy shrine so blest of God that angels might come to worship there, and every such home is more sacred to God than the Mosque of Omar, the Temple of Neptune, the Pagoda at Canton, Saint Peter's at Rome, Westminster at London, or any other sanctuary which the genius of architect and skill of artisan has ever erected.

I once saw a picture portraying the "Dawn of Civilization." It was a picture of a primeval forest, in the perspective of which was a large tree and in the boughs was a primeval woman with her infant in her arms crouching with fear; midway upon the trunk of the tree was a large hairy man, holding on with his left arm, while in his strong right hand was held menacingly a great defensive club; near the base of the tree was a crouching lion in the attitude of making an attack. And as I looked upon the picture of that wild man protecting his wife and child I thought of that man's home and said to myself, "I would rather be a wild man like him and live in a cave with a bed of straw with some one to love and to love me, than be the

most fortune-favored bachelor that ever lived unloved and died unmourned since man's advent on earth."

Yes, give me a Home wherever it be,
On mountain side or down by the sea,
A palace grand or a hut of clay:
Be where it will, be what it may,
If hallowed by a woman's tread
From out whose genial soul is shed
The gentle warmth and loving light
To make that hut or palace bright.
For greater boon no man should plead
To Heaven for his earthly meed.
And if children too, be also given
'Twill be a vestibule of Heaven.

Yes, Home, sweet Home! What magic in that one sweet word with which to bring back the joyous recollections of childhood's happy days, to recall the hopes, aspirations and ambitions of the young man's fitful, fleeting years.

Yes, Home, sweet Home! A haven of fidelity, love and joy; an asylum of plenty, peace and contentment; a fortress against the temptations, trials and tumults of the outer world; a place where the man of business or the laboring man, may come at the close of day, tho' bruised and tired with the conflicts of his day's battle for existence, and find sweet rest, repose and comfort.

A place where the old man whose frame has been bent with toil and time, whose mission in life has been compassed, may sit in peace be-

neath his own vine and fig-tree, to dose and dream of years gone by, till he shall hear the angels' whispered call, and drawing his robes about his chilling form drop into that peaceful sleep that knows no dreaming, till the angels' call shall awaken him in that supreme supernal Home, not made with hands, eternal on high with all the blest of earth who die.

Ruminations of an Old Reb

I

Near fifty years have passed away
And many changes time has wrought
Since that dear flag, the Stars and Bars,
'Neath which our Southern Heroes fought,
Was furled on Appomattox field
To float no more in cause of right;
But not in all eternity
Will time suffice its fame to blight.

II

Nor will the men who bore that flag
Through battle storm of shot and shell
Be e'er forgot or honored less
While history's muse delights to tell
Of valorous deeds by knightly men,
Of sacrifice and constance true;
But cycling ages yet shall roll
E'er fame requites their honors due.

III

No tongues of men nor poet's pen
Can aught their glory magnify,
Nor will I now in words attempt
To gloss their fame in Eulogy;
For what would my poor words avail,
Should I attempt a task so vain,
Such heroes grand, the like of whom
The world will never see again.

IV

Nor should my ever humble muse
So vain a task e'er dare assume
When yonder sunbright god of day
Could not with all his light illumine
Or add one more effulgent ray,
To brighter make that glowing flame
Which burns with fadeless glory bright
To gild our Southern soldiers' fame.

V

Theirs was the boon to have been born
In this Southland supremely blest
By Nature's God whose hands designed
And next to Heaven made it best;
Where chivalry pervades the air
And ev'ry heart is honor's court,
Where men are brave and women fair
And ev'ry home is virtue's fort.

VI

Environed thus from very birth
Through daily life to man's estate,
How could such men but noble be
Chivalrous, and superbly great?
Innate their love of liberty,
And deeply jealous of their rights,
They lived as God ordained they should
The knightliest of all knightly Knights.

VII

Nor is it strange that such as they
Should illy brook the meddling tongue,
The covert wiles, menacing threats
And insults at their section flung—
Nay, nay; but stranger far indeed
Such conduct of the Northern horde
Had not from scabbard sooner forced
The fire-flashing Southern sword.

VIII

With contumely and contempt
They'd seen their friendly offers spurned,
Their pleadings vain for rights denied,
And calumnies that blistering burned,
Had long been borne in hopeful trust
That reason might assert its sway
To keep the union bonds intact
And shield the land from war's dismay.

IX

But such, alas! was not to be;
Fanatic zeal usurped the brain
And racial treason did its part
To make all Southern pleadings vain;
The common ties of brotherhood
All pride of Anglo-Saxon blood,
In wild maelstrom of malice vile
Was drowned in "abolition" flood.

X

Consuming flames of envious hate
Made black the heart and charred the soul,
Caucasian pride was burned away
Whilst blackmoors usurped control,
And piloting with torch and gun
Southward led their vandal hordes
To murder, pillage, and to burn
And write their laws with bloody swords.

XI

Yea, loudly howled the hungry pack
Unleashed by hatred of the South,
How fiercely gleamed their mad green eyes
And foamed with rage each snarling mouth,
How fiery red the panting tongues
Of those spite-crazed war dogs of hate
Set on by wild fanatic clans
Our sunny land to desolate.

XII

How darkly grew the lowering cloud,
How ominous flashed the livid flame
Of pent-up wrath and lust of gore,
Whilst mutterings deep of thunder came,
Portentous of impending storm
In frowning fury soon to break
With dread appalling sanguine flood,
When God should seem earth to forsake.

XIII

Then wonder not when Southern blades
Like lightning flames leapt flashing bright,
That heaven was made to stand aghast
And earth to tremble at its might.
For never since old Hector's day,
Since Priam, Ajax, Achilles,
Contending strove with demigods,
Has earth been drenched with redder seas.

XIV

No mean ambitious thirst for gain,
Nor wish for conquest or revenge,
Unto their righteous cause gave stain,
Not even the remotest tinge;
But urged by all that men revere
And all that God himself holds good,
They reared aloft the Stars and Bars
To which they pledg'd their hearts' best blood.

XV

But let me now the curtain drop,
 Nor let my fervid muse portray
 The awful scenes of carnage dire
 Of wreck and death and grim dismay
 When fiends of hell their courts forsook
 And gloating danced in frenzied glee
 While urging on the tempest storm
 To swell the raging bloody sea.

XVI

Yea, would to God I could forget,
 All records from my mind efface,
 Of treason and of treachery
 By Anglo-Saxons to their race,
 Who for their Ethiopian love,
 Betrayed the law, their own God,
 And waged a stern relentless war
 On white men of their race and blood.

XVII

Yes, let the gruesome scene be veiled,
 Nor my poor muse attempt to tell
 Of deeds of war more horrible
 Than Dante's morbid dream of hell;
 More horrible, more dismal drear,
 Than met the gaze of Satan's eyes
 On landing in the pits of hades
 When hurled from courts of paradise.

XVIII

Yes, be it so, for not my muse,
My heart, nor soul, is now in mood
To paint the agonizing scenes
When flowed our land with crimson flood;
Nor picture that four years of storm
When ominous clouds of deathly pall
Foreboding hung in somber hue
And grief and gloom was over all.

XIX

However, I will not repine
For what is past or what is done;
Both sides in that contentious strife
Have in a measure victory won.
The South in bold defiance stood
For home, for honor, first and last,
Her homes then burned have been rebuilt—
Her honor from her never passed.

XX

Whilst those of Ethiopian love
Who sought our whilom slaves to free
And make co-equals with themselves
In social rights and liberty
The guerdon of their wish obtained,
And now with those dark sons of Ham
May eat and sleep and with them vote
And no one cares a tinker's dam.

Tolerance

Tolerance is the antithesis of egotism, selfishness and bigotry, and is the bedrock foundation of all civilization. It is the keystone in the arch of the temple of liberty whose four supporting pillars are: freedom of speech, the right of public assembly, freedom of the press, and freedom of conscience. It is the golden key that unlocks the fetters of superstitious bondage and makes men free.

It is the very spirit and soul of that God-given Golden Rule, which commands us to "Do unto others as we would that others should do unto us." It is the first of all human virtues, the auriferous rock from which is coined the golden jewels of love, mercy and charity, and is the ever living germ of true democracy, which is itself the vicegerent of God, proclaiming equal rights and opportunities for all races, nations and tribes of men on earth.

Yes, tolerance is the fulcrum and forbearance the lever which the hand of evolution or the spirit of Jehovah has been using for thousands of years in efforts to elevate man's nature from the low plane of his brutish instincts of selfishness, cruelty and tyranny to a higher plane of righteous nobility.

And ever since the day "When John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness of Judea," the world has beheld the dawning light of a brighter future for mankind. And when He, who came after him, speaking "as never man spake," saying, "Forgive thine enemies,"

and "Love thy neighbor as thyself," that light has been growing brighter and brighter, dispelling the dark clouds of superstition, banishing belief in human gods and "The divine right of kings," and its coming glory is yet destined to obliterate and annihilate the last vestige of all those lingering shadows of false pagan belief: that God ever delegated to anyone on earth, the reserved prerogative of Himself to condemn and punish any mortal of this world for his religious faith and belief.

But the bright orb of tolerance has not yet reached its zenith and is still eclipsed and overshadowed by ever present clouds of superstition, selfishness and spite, and ever yet, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Ignorance, egotism, superstition and selfishness, still dominate the world. A thousand differing religious sects with their special dogmas, serve to perplex and disturb the minds of men and to set them at variance one with another. Political partisanship, racial hatred, sectional prejudice, serve also to block the wheels of human progress and prevent the spread of that true spirit of altruism that would make all men brothers; but with persistent efforts in behalf of education and universal knowledge, the time will come when all men shall as one recognize and believe in the only one true omnipotent and omniscient God, the supreme Architect of all creation and Ruler of all that is, ever was or will be, and that man's highest religious

duty is to reverence God, love mercy and bestow charity and strive to make his fellow creatures happy. Then will tolerance reign supreme and the great eye of the Great I Am looking down upon earth from His great White Throne, and seeing what has been done, will send forth again His white-winged messenger, the Dove of Peace, saying, "These are my beloved people in whom I am well pleased."

The Light of the World

God spake and said "Let there be light,"
And every orb that silent hung
In ebon space of timeless night
Heard the great Creator's tongue
And thrilled with joy began to move
In cycling lines through realms of space,
Transcendent in the light of love,
Reflected from Jehovah's face.

This old world then, the last and best
Of all the great revolving spheres,
Rolled into line to march abreast
Adown the everlasting years
Of endless time in glory bright,
Superbly grand, more loved of God
Than every sun and satellite
That beams upon our dewy sod.

Now man in image of his God,
Came forth in majesty and might;
But scarcely ere the earth he trod
He sinned and brought a dark'ning blight
Upon himself and all His race,
A keen regret beyond compare,
For God now turned away His face,
And left him groping in despair.

Then for a thousand sinful years
This earth was wrapped in savage gloom,
In dungeons vile men spent their tears,
And human bones without a tomb
Were strewn where tyrant fiends had trod;
Nor innocence nor virtue's charm
Sufficed to stay the cruel rod
Of bloody tyrants' lifted arm.

Brute force and superstition's sway,
Then ruled instead of loving light,
No star of hope sent forth one ray
To break the gloom of cheerless night
That palled the minds and hearts of all,
Whilst savage hate in ruthless war
A deaf ear turned to mercy's call,
And lustful instincts had no bar.

But by and by tradition says,
God said again "Let there be light,"
And speeding like a meteor's rays,
From heaven came an Angel bright,
And in her outstretched hand she brought,
That heavenly boon, the potent pen,
And through God's will its use she taught,
To elevate the minds of men.

Not since that day the angel came,
With scintillating pen in hand,
Has old earth ever been the same,
For everywhere in every land,
Those palls of gloom and dark despair
That overcast each human life,
Are lifting up and here and there
Are hopeful signs of ceasing strife.

But even yet, man waits in vain
For dawning of millennium's day;
Sin shackles earth with many a chain,
And superstition holds its sway;
King Bacchus too, still holds his own,
And damns with foul polluting breath,
Whilst millions bow before his throne,
And yield him tribute in their death.

But day by day, and year by year,
There's less of darkness, more of light;
More of love and less of fear,
More of justice and less of might;
More of virtue and less of crime,
More real goodness and less of sin,
Than e'er before at any time
Since men began to use the pen.

Then let all glory be ascribed
To every one who wields a pen,
Bravely, boldly and unbribed,
In helpfulness of fellowmen;
May each receive a grateful share
Of all the blessings earth can give,
Nor evil e'er their footsteps snare,
But joys attend them whilst they live. . .

And when o'er Styx so dark and deep,
They cross to other realms afar,
May Peter there be found asleep
Beside the pearly gates ajar;
So each and all, yea every one,
Unchallenged be allowed to pass,
And rest in peace from labors done,
With no sign there, "Keep off the grass."

Since You Went Away

Time seems to drag along more weary
Since you went away,
And every day of life is dreary
Since you went away;
I feel indeed I'm growing older,
My very blood flows slow and colder,
And heavier are the cares I shoulder,
Since you went away.

My gray locks are growing thinner
Since you went away,
And my eyes are growing dimmer
Since you went away;
I have less and less of gladness
But ever more and more of sadness,
And I'm gloomy unto madness,
Since you went away.

This old town seems less active
Since you went away,
And our home is less attractive
Since you went away;
Time's pendulum swings slower,
Life's cloud of care floats lower,
Like a boat without a rower,
Since you went away.

Neighbors' children seem to shun us
Since you went away,
As if plagues had come upon us
Since you went away;
Spiders now are spinning thread
In the room where you were wed,
Wherein no one cares to tread,
Since you went away.

Yes, our home indeed is lonely
Since you went away,
And I'm thinking of you only
Since you went away;
Humboldt street is sad without you,
Tho' old friends still ask about you,
And none ever seem to doubt you,
Since you went away.

But I and your dear old mother
Since you went away,
Strive our best our cares to smother
Since you went away;
But with coming of the twilight,
Sad forebodings come to blight,
And our dropping tears unite,
Since you went away.

But to quell the thoughts that bother
Since you went away,
We realize you're with another
Who your trust will ne'er betray;
But will do his best to please,
And will give you love and ease,
Tho' you're with the "darned Chinese"
So far, far away.

The Golden Hour.

There is an hour, the gladdening glories of which the inspired pen of the poet, though scintillating with the brightest rays of divine-lit genius, can never paint, and the world's vocabulary can never express.

It is the hour when life's brightest hopes are concentrated into a blissful realization, and a millennium's joys are focused in its moments. And for every rational living being there is or may be such an hour. But when, and for whom shall it be? Shall it be for the greedy gatherer of gold, when he has filled his coffers to fullness and overflowing, and his greedy heart is satisfied and his selfish lust is sated?

Is it for the man of books, when he has mastered every science and language of the living and the dead, and with the keys of his knowledge has unlocked the laboratories of God's creative science and he rests reveling in the mysteries exposed?

Is it for the man of arms, when he has conquered nations and planted the standard of his supremacy upon the ramparts of his last enemy, and crowned with the victor's wreath of laurel, he listens to paeans of praise and the plaudits of homage from his approving countrymen?

Is it for the statesman, when his brilliant eloquence and diplomatic genius have won for his name a place upon the highest pinnacle of fame, and he sees his shape and lineaments translated into bronze and mounted on a pedestal of granite to perpetuate his memory through the waste of time?

Is it for the philosopher and inventor, when, after years of unremitting toil and labor, he at last solves the problem of his study, and sees the creation of his mind fashioned by his hand, performing the wonders and achievements of his great desire?

No, these are but transitory pleasures, and are as leaden dross to burnished gold, when compared to the ecstatic bliss and joys of the golden hour to those who have felt its power.

Would you know when and to whom this hour comes? It is for the Christian, whose heart has been exalted by faith, whose soul has been bowed by repentance, and whose love has been purified by God's redeeming grace.

It comes in the night-time of sorrow, when the scourging of his bitter recollections and the goadings of his conscience overwhelm his wicked nature and drive him on amid a storm of wrath, unguided by a star of hope, until the dark pall of everlasting despair seems just ready to close

in upon his existence and shut him up in hell forever; and when in the agony of his soul, he turns to the cross of Jesus, and, lifting his voice to God on high, cries out in the depths of his sorrow, "Mercy, mercy,—have mercy, my God!"

Then it is when Jesus hears his cry, and suddenly as the lightning's flash that rives the darkness in the tempest night, his griefs are gone, and a crown of life and Heaven is won.

This is the Christian's Golden Hour, but its inexpressible joys, for lack of language, must forever remain a secret to those alone who have felt its rapture.

Rural Optimism

(At Beginning of Great European War.)

Let 'em "Hock to de Kaiser, en Hock to de
Czar,"

Let 'em "Hock to de Debbel en his Imps of
War,"

Let 'em fight, let 'em scrap, let 'em scrap, let
'em fight,

I dunno who's wrong, en I dunno who's right,
But I knows dat I's happy right here whar I
am

En I'm gwine ter keep er hockin' fer our own
Uncle Sam.

Let Austria, Rooshia, en Englan' en France,
Jine hands all roun', en mix up in de dance,
Let de big bear howl, en de big lion roar,
So long's dey stays on dar side ob de shore;
Ef dey lets me alone, wid mah dog en mah mule,
I ain't gwine ter go croakin' round here like a
fool.

Wid corn in de crib, en wheat in de bin,
Chickens in de yard, en pigs in de pen,
Cott'n in de bale, en cotton in de seed,
En molasses done made, heap more den I need,
My dog jes' a longin' fer de full ob de moon,
W'en we's gwine ter go huntin' ob de 'possum
en de coon.

Milk en butter in de spring house, nice en cool,
Plenty fodder in de stack, fer de cow en de
mule,
Big pot' on de fire, en wife er makin' soap,
All de chilluns in de back yard, jumpin' de
rope,
En de roosters all er crowin' so joyous en clear,
Fer de Chrismus time is almos' here.

White folks talkin' lots 'bout de big Furrin'
War,
But I's not boddered 'bout de fightin' ober
dar,
I's got a little money hid away in my shoe,
Fer to pay all my taxes, when my taxes comes
due,
En I ain't skeered ob starvin, nor ob losin' ob
my home,
Fer "Hard Times" is a humbug, en he ain't
gwine ter come.

My eddication ain't much, but I ain't er fool,
En I knows dat wid workin', bof' me en my
mule,
We can allers hab a libin' en a leetle ter spar,
En I don't care a fig 'bout dat big Furrin' War,
Fer wid trust in mah dog, en faith in mah Crea-
tor,
I's gwine ter hab a libin', ef it's 'possum en
'tater.

Jes' a word in conclusion, ter you white folks
ebery one:
We's got de best Gub'ment eber shone on by
de sun,
En wid Wilson fer our Capt'n, en old Bryan at
de bat,
We kin whup er worl' of wild cats, ef it eber
comes ter dat;
So what's de use ob worryin', or croakin' 'bout
de War,
When peace en plenty's reignin' in de country
whar we are.

Love

Love is the all-permeating spirit of God
which gives color to the rainbow, fragrance to
the flower, the charm to music, beauty to stars;
it illuminates the brain, stirs the heart, awak-
ens hope, increases faith, lends sweetness to the
kiss, a glow to the cheek, brightness to the eye,

and all rapture to life. It is the polar star of ambition and the inspiration to every noble endeavor. Every beautiful pagoda, majestic temple and magnificent architectural structure for whatever purpose erected, had love for the origin of its design, for without love to inspire the imagination nothing beautiful was ever created. Go tread the onyx, marble and porphyry floors of the great art galleries of Rome, the great art center of the world, and gaze upon the priceless treasures of painted canvas and chiseled stone, and when your eyes have feasted until your soul is burdened with over-surfeited rapture, pause for a moment and ask yourself the question: "What was the inspiration of all this wealth of genius, this sea of glory?" and your heart will answer, "Love."

Could a Croesus whose soul was set on gold, produce such work? Could selfish ambition unfanned by the flame of Love conceive of such color, shape and tone? No! The veriest flower that decks the sod, the gorgeous rainbow that arches the earth, the clustering stars that spangle the sky, will tell you, No! For whatever is beautiful, symmetrical, systematic in nature, is but an exemplification of the love of God.

And man who was created in His image and likeness, could no more indite a beautiful ode, a grand epic, or originate a musical strain, melodious song, or masterful oration without love for its inception than he could transmute base brass into refined gold, or reverse the eternal law of gravity. Yes, love is the most potential in-

fluence and the greatest dynamic force in nature for the propagation and the preservation of the species and increasing the population of the world. It is the *vivida vis animi* of all human intellect and the *vis a tergo* of evolution and progress.

First cousin to friendship; twin sister of truth; the mother of charity; soul of the Universe. Its name the sweetest word on mortal tongue; the sweetest note by angels sung, the passport to the highest pleasures of earth; and the one true shibboleth which must be given to the guardian angels at the gates of Heaven to gain admission to the Elysian fields by God prepared for the Pure in Heart, whose lives have been sanctified by its all-redeeming grace.

Our Public School*

(Air: Maryland, My Maryland.)

Blest be the call that brings us here,
Our Public School—our Public School;
We come to aid with friendly cheer,
Our Public School—our Public School;
And trusting Him who rules above
To guide us in our works of love,
We'll vow to thee to faithful prove,
Our Public School—our Public School.

*Written to be sung on Mothers' Day by Public School Improvement Association.

In high esteem we'll ever hold,
Our Public School—our Public School;
A priceless boon to be extolled,
Our Public School—our Public School;
Let wisdom rule and kindness reign—
Nor be one effort spent in vain,
For greater merits to attain,
Our Public School—our Public School.

Our fondest hopes repose in thee,
Our Public School—our Public School;
A bloom thou art on freedom's tree,
Our Public School—our Public School;
Should foes attempt thy cause to blight,
To quench thy flame or dim thy light,
We'll strike for thee with all our might!
Our Public School—our Public School.

Let wisdom, truth and duty be
Our Public School—our Public School,
Thy watch-words and abide with thee,
Our Public School—our Public School;
And with a faith in God divine
So labor that thy light may shine,
A beacon bright on freedom's shrine,
Our Public School—our Public School.

And when throughout this great domain
Our Public Schools—our Public Schools,
Shall everywhere just meed attain,
Our Public Schools—our Public Schools,
Will, like yon sun of shining ray,
That drives the gloom of night away,
Give to the world its brightest day,
Our Public Schools—our Public Schools.

A Tribute to Admiral Raphael Semmes

Roll on, ye deep Atlantic, roll,
Roll on ye billows blue,
Let wind and wave in tempest rave,
And shriek the wild seamew;
Let frowning white-capp'd billows rise,
In awesome, foaming wrath,
While lightnings flash and thunders crash
Across the seamen's path.

Since Semmes, the King of all sea kings,
The greatest, last and best,
Now sleeps ashore where never more,
Shall storms disturb his rest;
His stainless sword lies glist'ning deep,
Within sea blue abysses,
Where mermaids fair yet guard with care,
And keep it bright with kisses.

But when a thousand years have passed,
And Nelson's deeds at Trafalgar
Shall fade in fame, our Admiral's name
Will like some bright rising star
Ascending ever higher still,
Its highest zenith to reach,
In glory bright shall shed a light,
His record still to teach.

Then roll on, ye deep blue ocean, roll,
Roll on, ye waters deep,
To keep his name and spread his fame,
Far as thy billows sweep;
And you, ye winds, ye mighty winds,
That ever restless roll,
Unfettered, free, o'er land and sea,
Go ye, his fame extoll.

And when ye in tumultuous wrath,
On storm-cloud chariots fly,
When lightnings flash and thunders crash,
And waves roll dashing high;
If freedom's foes lie in thy wake,
Let them then thank their stars
That war is o'er and Semmes no more
Sails 'neath the Stars and Bars.

For in those whilom days of yore,
Of war-storm's maddest rage,
No wild cyclone nor dread simoon
Could seaman's path engage,
To wake such dread while on they sped,
As did one banner fair,
When 'neath its bars, like god of Mars,
Stood Semmes with saber bare.

On dreadnought Alabama's deck
Bold stood a stern Nemesis,
More dreadful then to souls of men
Than all the storm fiend's hisses;
And not a crew that sailed the seas,
But sought his path to clear
And quaked with fear his name to hear
Whenever he was near.

But roll on now, ye waters blue,
And roll, ye troubled waves:
How many men who met him then,
Have found in thee their graves,
No mortal man may ever know
No pen perhaps can tell,
But all earth knows how freedom's foes,
Quailed 'neath his shot and shell.

And when old Time with earth is done,
And this great cycling sphere
Shall melt in flame, and every name
Which mortals now hold dear,
With land and sea shall cease to be,
And darkness comes to reign,
Oh, may his name and spotless fame
Be then the last to wane!

Christmas in the Country

Chrismus is er comin' an' almos' here,
But dere won't be no Chrismus in my home
dis yere;
All our chilluns now is married an' all is gone
er way,
Only my ole 'oman now is lef' wid me to stay,
An' bof uv us is gittin' ole an' feebler all de
time;
De ringin' bells we think uv now, is not er
Chrismus chime—
But de slow and solemn tollin' uv de ole church
bell,

Dat sometime bery soon will be ringin' uv er
knell
Fer me or my ole 'oman, I don't know which
one fust,
But we's bof just here er waitin' on de Lord in
whom we trust,
An' de one dat's left behind will follow soon I
know,
Fer we can't lib disunited, now dat is true and
sho'.
An' when our troubles all is ended, de Chris-
mus dat is best
Will be when we shall meet er 'gin in er land
uv endless res'.
Yes, Chrismus is er comin, all de signs is mity
fair,
I kin feel it in my bones, I can smell it in de
air;
Everybody now so jolly, every bizness all er
hum,
Fokes crowdin' in de stores like bees widin er
gum,
All de women gittin' busy wid cookin' cake an'
pie,
Chickens gittin' nervous and roostin' mity high,
Preachers out a callin' all around de neighbor-
hood,
Everybody smilin' an' feelin' kinder good;
Chilluns almos' crazy keep er teasin' Mas and
Pas
Er thousan' questions askin' 'bout ole Santa
Claus;
Roosters mity wise stay er wake all nite to
crow,

Knows dat Chrismus is er comin' an' wants to
let us know:

Yes, dese neber failin' signs makes it mity
plain to me

Dat Chrismus is er comin wid er reg'lar Jubilee.
An' I really ain't much sorry; in fact, I'm sor-
ter glad,

Fer since I cum to think, my condition ain't so
bad:

I'se got er lot uv 'taters, gittin' sweeter ebery
day,

Er cow dat's givin' milk an' er loft full uv hay;
An I's got er lot uv chickens, an' lard to fry
'em in,

An' a half a dozen shotes er fattin' in de pen;
I owns de house I lib in an' I don't owe a cent,
Not like dem common niggers what has ter pay
dere rent;

I's an honest cullud gentelmen, dat's just what
I am,

Er good tax payin' citizen uv de State uv
Alabam'.

An' I ain't jest ready yet, to jine de angel band,
Wid er crown upon my forehead an' er harp
widin my hand;

I think I rudder stay right here, in my little
cabin home,

Whar I gits a sweeter music from de banjo dat
I own.

Yes, Chrismus is er comin' an' I's glad it am
so near

'Cause I wants ter git to samplin' dat bar'l uv
simmon beer,

Now kivered up wid fodder, behind de smoke-
house do'

Whar it has been er makin' at leas' a mont' or
mo'—
An' when my chillun an' grand-chilluns cum ter
see us Chrismus morn,
Dey's gwine ter hab de biggest treat eber had
since dey was born:
'Possum baked wid 'tater, ginger cake an'
simmon beer,
Fried chicken an' brown gravy, er nuf ter swim
er steer,
All steamin' on de table wid biscuits lite an'
brown,
Er feast ter beat de banquets what de white folks
hab in town;
An' when deys all fru eatin' we'll clar de kitch-
en flo',
We'll string up de good ole fiddle, an' tune de
ole banjo,
An' when all gits ter dancin' an' de music 'gins
to ring,
An' all jines hands er round, an' all begins to
sing,
I'll lead my good ole 'oman to de middle ob de
ring,
An' we'll teach dem young niggers how ter cut
de pigeon wing,
Fer do' I is er deacon, an' prays in public now
an' den,
When it comes ter Chrismus dancin' I don't
think it any sin.

The Nobility of Labor

Majestic, indeed, is the crown that rightfully rests upon the royal brow of labor, and oh! how glorious is that crown; studded and scintillating as it is with every shining jewel and sparkling gem of true nobility which this old world has ever known.

Honest, independent labor is the life and soul of the world, and from the brave heart of the willing worker ever comes that divine inspiration of faith, hope, and self-esteem, which is the very essence of life, and that wonderful self-conscious dynamic power which God breathed into Adam when he made him a man.

Blessed, therefore, is the man who has found his work and learned to love his task, and as there can be no heavenly benediction without labor, the faithful workman may righteously regard his every day's duty when faithfully done, as another higher rung gained on the heavenly ladder that brings him nearer to his God.

Yes, God is just and stands revealed
In Nature's laws unerring true,
And by His "law of compensation,"
Assures this grant of justice due
To every one in full degree
A recompense which is the meed
Of every faithful duty done,
For every task and noble deed.

Let no man, therefore, look upon labor as a penalty for sin, nor impute to his Creator the impious charge that He ordained labor as a

curse upon him whom He had created in His own image and likeness, for labor is life, and all that is glorious in this world is but the attestation of its virtue. Only after sin had entered the world did God in His wisdom, love and beneficence, ordain labor as man's one antidote against the ills of irksomeness, poverty and vice, and designed it to be his surest panacea for every sorrow, grief and care.

"Idleness is the devil's workshop," and the products thereof are ennui, sloth, discouragement and despair. But from exalted pride, the dynamic source of human energy, comes honor, self-respect, happiness and independence, and on every transmission line from that dynamic source of faith and force comes the radiant hope and glory of the world.

Yet God never intended that man should be a slave to work, nor that he should live without pleasure, and so provided that after every arduous toil there should come the sweetest rest, and that the garnered fruits of his laborious toil should be with richest sweetness blest.

Yes, work is productive; idleness is waste; labor is noble; indolence, disgrace; and he who goes through life consuming the products of others' labors and giving nothing in return, is a purloiner of the fruits of other men's toil and must, in the final day of judgment, stand before his God with the crime of embezzlement resting upon him.

Therefore, to be a good citizen and a useful man, one must be a working man; there is no honor for a drone. Hereditary titles of nobil-

ity are as inert, void and worthless, as the shadow of a substance. And inherited wealth, when ignobly used for the gratification of self, indolence, luxury and false pride, is like "The fragrance of the rose that is wasted upon the desert air."

Yea, more: it is both a misfortune and a crime; it shackles the energy, benumbs the conscience and promotes the vanity of the recipient, and robs society of the laudable dues of one of its members; while such vain titles of nobility are no more to be compared to that real true nobility which springs from the successful achievement of labor, than is the painted picture of an apple comparable to the genuine luscious fruit of the tree. Nor is that false pride in the possession of inherited wealth any more like the honest pride that comes from a self-earned competency of individual independence, than is the meanest brass to finest gold.

Be therefore encouraged, my brother of labor and toil,—be not cast down nor in shame bow your head, because that in the sweat of thy brow thou must earn thy bread. But cheer up, and bravely look fate in the face, remembering that in labor there is no disgrace. And that he who stands before the forge and hammers the iron when it's hot, and shapes it to some useful end, is just as much a man and patriot as he who wields the victor's sword, or dips his fluent flaming pen in rainbow hues to paint the passions of the soul, and give to worth its rightful dues. Yes, he who "Drives the ox and guides the plough, or shapes the stone, or

delves in mine, but obeys the dictates of his God, for all good works must be divine."

Let kings then wear their puerile crowns
And lordlings don their coronets;
But the only crown by God revered
On labor's brow forever sets.

Yet think not, ye of calloused hands and biceps hard and strong, that all the glory of the world should to yourselves belong; for there are those who nobly toil, tho' not with brawny arms: 'tis they who burn the midnight oil, worshipers at the Muse's shrine and providing earth its sweetest charms.

These are the poets, orators, sculptors, painters, philosophers, inventors, composers, wits, sages and statesmen.

They, too, are all true toilers and work as hard as do the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and are workmen worthy of the wages which they receive.

Yes, these are they who have tarried long at the shrines of the Daughters of Zeus; who have drank deeply from the springs of Pieria and Castalia, and who by long and toilsome climbing have reached the heaven-kissed heights of Helicon and Parnassus, and there from Apollo and the Muses obtained the inspiration that men call genius: but which is indeed but the wisdom given in reward for their labor, and it is from the richness of these rewards that earth has been blest with the achievements of science, the triumphs of art, the melody of music, the glory of literature, and all the embellishments of ancient and modern civilization.

Dreamings of the Past

Oh! give me the pleasures of dreaming again
The dreams that I used to dream,
When I was young and my heart was pure
And my soul was all agleam;
With a faith so bright that every star
In the deep cerulean sky,
Seemed a lamp held out by angel hands
And Heaven seemed oh! so nigh.

Yes, let me yet dream ever o'er and o'er
The dreams of my boyhood days,
When the future was filled with promises bright
And I sang sweet roundelays;
Whilst visions sweet of dark brown curls
And eyes of heavenly blue,
Made me forget all worlds above
For a heaven on earth so true.

Fair still are the dreams of a still later day,
Of manhood's budding and bloom,
When donning the "gray" I shouldered my gun,
While war clouds lowered in gloom;
When ambition was strong and the star of hope
Shone bright like a beacon of flame,
Alluring me on with promises fair
Of distinction, of glory and fame.

Yea, sweet are those dreams evanescent and fair,
Like rainbows that follow the rain
So gorgeously bright, so transiently fleet,
So glorious but oh! so vain;
Then say me not nay to dream as I may,
Those old dreams o'er and o'er,
They bring me surcease from trouble and care
And warm my old heart to its core.

A burden of years weighs heavily now,
My shadow leans long to the east,
The phantoms of hope, so ardently chased,
I have never attained in the least;
My gaze once fixed on the future so fair,
Is now turned back to the past,
And dreaming I sit and ponder in vain
What my fate will be at the last.

The stars are less bright than they used to be
And Heaven seems farther away,
The girl that I loved with dark brown curls
Has gone to her sleep for aye;
My jacket of gray, moth-eaten and torn,
Lies faded and hidden from sight,
And the flag that I followed was lost in defeat
For right was not proof against might.

And alone, all alone, I am dreaming by night,
And alone I am dreaming by day,
The past is all that is left to me now,
Since faith has withered away;
The present is filled with doubts and distrust,
The future its secret must keep,
Whether death indeed is renewal of life
Or only an endless sleep.

To One Over the Seas

Time's withering blight is plainly seen
Upon your dear old mother now,
The once jet curls are almost white
Which droop upon her furrowed brow;
Her lovelit eyes have lost their glow
The rosy bloom has left her cheek,
Her once sprite steps are getting slow
Her gentle voice is growing weak.

And yet withal, her gentle heart
A font of love yet overflows,
Her hands long trained to mercy's calls
No change of time yet seeming knows;
Her tongue to gentle words subdued
In kindly tones is still the same,
Her soul like drifting snow is pure
As whence from Heaven first it came.

No blighting cares have seared her heart
Nor hardships changed her gentle mien,
Of sorrows she has had her part
But on her face no trace is seen;
With faith in God to duty true
O'er life's long, hard and rugged road
She has walked with smiles serene,
Her cares and griefs a heavy load.

But nearing now her journey's end,
She seems to me an angel queen,
More lovely, sweet, more fair and dear
Than she before has ever been;
And oh! I pray, sincerely pray,
That she may never leave my side
Till God is pleased to call us both
To dwell beyond the Great Divide.

But till that day, let come what may,
I'll bravely face all frowns of fate
And with her hand clasped firm in mine
I'll scorn all cares that on me wait;
And in content abiding time
Discarding thoughts of future woe,
I'll face my lot whate'er it be,
No matter how the world may go.

Nor will I e'en repine at Fate
Tho' foreordained a luckless wight,
I'll be no deader when I'm dead
Than those of greater wealth and might;
And should there come as we are told
A final resurrection morn,
I'll bet I'll be awake and up
Before old Gabriel toots his horn.

Then some of those old priests and popes,
And piety peddling foxy chaps,
Who dose us up with doleful dope,
Will wake and be surprised perhaps
To see me there with many more
Who never took their silly hooks
Like suckers are supposed to do
When baited with their holy books.

For though I have no appetite
For papal bulls and Bible tales,
And cannot always swallow down
Like Jonah did—that school of whales—
The yarns that preachers spin for me,
Yet still my faith abideth strong
That those who go through earth aright
Beyond the grave will not go wrong.

Hence, when on resurrection day,
Those priests and croakers then arise
And all begin to look around
For means by which to reach the skies—
To only find a parachute
Provided for their place to gain,
May be surprised to see me there
With a double-seated aeroplane.

And when they see me take my seat
With your dear mother by my side,
Let off the brake and toot the horn
And bounding upward swiftly glide—
Will wish they too, had aeroplanes,
Instead of falling parachute
So they like we might upward fly
And would not have to shoot the chute.

But don't imagine, Irma dear,
When you read these wretched rhymes,
That your old mother dear and I
Are about to hark to other climes,
For we are here in first rate health
Without a care, an ache or pain—
Except a longing in our hearts
To see you and Allen home again.

The Spirit of Pride

Laudable pride in man or woman is the primal germ of all true nobility.

It is that heavenly exotic transplanted by God in the human heart, whose blossom exhales an exhilarating spirit of self-conscious rectitude in all acts of well doing. It stimulates dormant ambition and awakens the subconscious soul to a recognition of its God-like nature.

Pride is the twin spirit of faith, which pilots the way in the attainment of all things which are the cravings of hope. It is the mighty fulcrum of the heart upon which the lever of will-power is used by the hand of Deity to elevate man's instinct from the low place of the brute to the exalted heights of self-esteem. But it is as unlike base vanity as the sunlit dome of a holy temple is unlike the darkness brooding in Herculanean cellars.

Pride goes forth clothed in the habiliments of labor, love and self-sacrifice, bright as the morning's sun, and glory gilds its every path. It is like nature's law, the grand dynamic force of all progress in skill, science and art. It lends courage and endurance to labor, nerves the strong arm of the warrior, guides and directs the hand of the artisan, adds genius to the inventor's efforts and inspires the pen of the poet. It is the one supreme factor of every success and the undisputed source of all progress, the glorifying instinct of righteous self-exaltation by laudable means and methods of mind and muscle.

But forget not, O man and shadow, that sordid selfish esteem and brazen vanity is no more like true pride, than the howlings of a hyena are like the sweet song of a seraph.

Personal vanity is the emptiness of a beggar's dream, the froth and foam of ignorance and egotism, the contemptible ebullition of self-conceit. But true pride is the indigenous outgrowth of conscious worth and merit of excellence in human advancement. It is the magnetic needle of honor; the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night that guides the march of civilization, and like the beautiful bow of promise that comes after the storm, it is forever the high arch of human triumph that spans the horizon of every human prospect, and hope of progress, and is God's own benediction in the hearts of all who have not lived and labored in vain.

Lines for Confederate Memorial Day

April 26th

Once more on cycling wings of time
Returns again this April day,
Made sacred now and set apart
For honoring those who wore the gray;
Who swept with giant strides apace
Through fields of blood and battle-flame
And left a glorious record bright
To gild the utmost heights of fame.

What tho' their many victories won
Were lost at last in grim defeat?
The records of their deeds sublime
Survive for us in memories sweet;
Yes, though their flag lies furled from sight,
Their gallant swords now turned to rust,
Thank God, the truth we but proclaim
When we assert their cause was just.

No matter that the lightning's might
May crush yon temple to the sod,
And burn its sacred altars down:
Know this for all, the living God
Permits such things but to confound
The wisdom that would probe His will,
And while we mourn our fallen flag
We must remain submissive still.

Yes, He the Great Jehovah wise,
Who orders all things for the best,
May have but let our banner fall
Our loyalty to race to test,
And passed us through the flames of war
To weld anew the binding chain
Of this our Union great and strong
That it might ne'er be rent in twain.

But view that matter as we may
This much we know: our comrades true
Were instruments in hands of God
As were the men who wore the blue,
In shaping out that destiny
Which God has for this country planned
To be for aye the brightest star
In galaxy of nations grand.

Nor will the great chivalric heart
Of this our Southland ever true
Withhold the tribute of respect
To graves of those who wore the blue.
For they, too, were Americans,
And whether wrong or whether right
The Auroras of eternal fame
Their Northern skies will ever light.

But high above and over all
Where Glory guards her proudest shrine,
Where gods prostrate in worship fall
And stars of fame resplendent shine,
Go read you there the brightest names
Of all earth's lustrous heroes grand
And you will there but read the roll
Of heroes of this Southern land.

First see yon God-set Polar star,
Eternal type of constancy,
Unchanging, fixed, forever true
As God would have men's conscience be,
And grand old Davis's star of fame
Scarce less resplendent in its glow
For faithful constancy and truth
Will shine while earth shall roll below.

And when on heaven's glittering dome
I cast my ever wistful gaze,
Where worlds on worlds resplendent roll
And stellar constellations blaze,
Another orb of light I see,
Bright, shining Mars with flaming stole,
And view the source whence came the fire
That blazed in Stonewall Jackson's soul.

Old Neptune too, I there behold
Sailing through a sea of light,
Proud Admiral of astral fleets,
Of heavenly constellations bright;
And oh! I feel my soul expand
With pride, as memory wakes again
Recalling deeds heroic, grand,
When Semmes was King and ruled the Main.

And see in vaulted dome of night
The star-gemmed, wondrous Milky Way,
A heavenly type and simile
Of legions of Confederate Gray
Which formed a glorious martial line
Across the Southern border zone,
The grandest army in its day
That this old world has ever known.

And could I now from heaven's dome
A bright star pluck for every name
Of those who 'neath the Stars and Bars
Proved worthy of immortal fame,
A hundred thousand I would grasp
Of heaven's most resplendent lights
To place upon the hallowed tombs
Of those who died for Southern rights.

But not for grand old Robert Lee
Aught would I claim to gild his name,
For like yon sun, bright orb of day
That burns with never-ceasing flame,
So will his name and spotless fame
Shine on and on with glory bright
Till suns and worlds have run their course
And earth is wrapped in endless night.

Till then, till then, Almighty God,
Thou God in whom all nations trust,
With reverence we would Thee entreat
To guard and shield their sacred dust,
Till that great resurrection day
When Gabriel's trump from out the skies
Shall bid the dead of all the world
To wake and from their sleep arise.

And wilt thou then, O gracious God!
Grant everlasting life anew
To all who wore the Southern gray
And all that wore their country's blue,
And stretching forth Thy mighty arm
Lift up to Thee in Heaven on high
And give to each as pension due
A mansion bright within the sky.

The Name of Mother

How sacred and holy is the name of Mother!
Dearest of all names, sweetest of all words. It
is the most precious and peerless gem in the
casket of human speech, without which the
vocabulary of the world would be lustreless,
gross and imperfect.

It is the one brightest star in the firmament
of human language around which cluster and
revolve all other ennobling words; whose glori-
fied lights are those of human kindness, tender-
ness, sympathy and enduring constancy.

Oh, name of Mother! More sweet is the sound than the most melodious musical note that was ever struck from harp of gold, by angel's hand. More precious to the ear and soothing to the heart than ever warbled note in seraph's song.

Oh, blessed, precious name of mother—hallowed word, carved by Jehovah's hand on every human heart to sweeten the voice that breathes the name. Unstinted reverence is its rightful due, all honor bows to it as to a sacred shrine, and chivalry forever stands guard to shield it from reproach. Love, purity, fidelity, God's own brightest jewels, garnish it as the bright dew-drops of heaven embellish the white petals of the morning rose.

Oh, beautiful name of mother! the first from innocent infant tongues to fall, most often uttered in childhood's happy years, most revered in the adolescence of mature manhood, in memory most sacredly held in the years of declining dotage and senile decrepitude. Word of all words, name of all names, eternal with clustering glories crowned, it is the center and soul of gravity that binds all mankind in unity of devotion, and holds all hearts by the sweetness of its attraction.

All the floral beauty of Eden's effulgent bowers are mirrored in its virtuous adornment. Enchantment like a halo of heavenly light hovers ever about it in every age, and magical are the radiating influences of its subtle glories and pristine charms.

Sweet name of mother, fragrant with the odor of sanctity, synonym of strength in adversity, the polar star of all concentrated affections, a sheet anchor of safety and hope of Heaven, a mainstay in every sorrow and adversity, we have but to breathe that name to hear the rustle of an angel's wing.

Then listen now, all ye of woman born, all ye living pensioners of God's bountiful mercy: to Jehovah lift up your souls in thanks and sing praises for the name of Mother.

"That sweetest name on mortal tongue,
That sweetest name by mortals sung,
That sweetest name to mortals given,
The sweetest name in earth or Heaven."

Reachers and Creatures

When we take a retrospect of the past and study the achievements of the world, we must feel impressed with the fact that mankind is made up of two classes: Reachers and Creatures.

In the first class we find the workers, inventors, explorers, writers, developers, and great thinkers, who furnish the motive force that moves the progressive world and makes of earth a fitting habitat for civilized beings. They are the Reachers, who, wanting something, reach out and get it.

In the latter class we find the drones, critics, loafers, and complainers, whose lives are spent

in preaching what others ought to do, finding fault with fortune, but in the main doing nothing helpful to others or to themselves. They are merely Creatures.

A wag once mentioned to a neighbor that a certain well known man of a near by town had just died. The neighbor inquired, "Of what complaint?" The wag said, "None at all; everybody seems perfectly satisfied."

The deceased evidently was only a Creature. However, it takes many kinds of people to fill a world. I have known some people too stingy to give a man the itch; others too lazy to grunt when kicked by a mule; some so contrary they would float up stream if killed and thrown in the river; and there are thousands who are as selfish as leeches and as unsocial as clams. Then there are egotists so narrow-minded that a gimlet hole bored by their own hands looks to them to be as big as the Mount Cenis Tunnel. And there are also the dudes and the dudines, who if built in statue to fit their little souls, a thousand might dance at one time on the point of a cambric needle and never be in danger of falling off for lack of room. I mention these only as types of the creature class, things that hear, speak, see, walk and have the forms of human beings but are of such molecular worthlessness as to be unfitted for the notice or decent regard of real true men and women.

But who are the Reachers and what are they? It is every man whose form bears the stamp and likeness of his Creator, whose soul is magnified by every honest effort of every day of la-

bor, by his every noble thought and honorable impulse. It is he who has felt the quickening touch of conscience and the warm glow of a noble ambition and in whose veins the genial currents run warm with love and affection, whose soul is bright with faith in the promises of God who made him, and who feels that he has a mission on earth and a task to perform that will entitle him to the respect of his fellow-men and make him worthy of lifting his face to heaven and return thanks for having been born a man.

It is a woman whose guileless heart has never harbored malice, whose tongue has never been steeped in venom, whose mind is laden with thoughts of gentle kindness, whose soul is a fountain of purity and love, whose hands are ever open to deeds of charity, and whose feet are ever swift in their flight to succor those in distress. These fair types of men and women I would set up and present as my ideals of the genuine, true-blue Reachers, whose praises I am ever proud to proclaim.

But I would not have anyone misconstrue or mistake my meaning, nor suppose for a moment that I find my ideals only in the educated, cultured and most favored classes of our people, for it is not always the most deserving who are found in the ranks of the most favored of fortune. Nor is it true that those who seem to shine brightest are always the truest and best. It requires some crucial test of adversity or humbling call of duty to prove sincerity and

demonstrate the genuine hero, the humble Samaritan, and the uncompromising Christian.

Every man can be a hero when there is no cloud of danger, a good philanthropist when his purse is full and all his wants are supplied; and we can all practice the virtues of Christianity when unbribed by want and untempted by passion. But as the rough diamond requires much hard rubbing to reveal its brilliance and beauty, so it is true that great self-denial and sacrifice are necessary to bring out in bold relief the genuineness of real courage, true charity and absolute Christianity; for in the very groundwork of the great Jehovah it is ordained that there shall be no true nobility without labor, no virtue without temptation, and no reward without sacrifice.

There are doubtless thousands of hearts beating today beneath ragged coats which are as brave and callous to fear as was ever the heart of Ajax, who defied the lightning, or of Achilles in the tumult of battle; brave, faithful, honest laborers who are contentedly filling their useful spheres in life. They have cheerfully accepted their mission of providing the everyday necessities of existence for themselves and for those whom God has given them to shelter, feed and clothe, and with no ambition beyond that which their daily labors supply, they constitute the main army of support upon whom all people must rely for subsistence, and from whom the greatest Reachers of the world have ever sprung.

The common laboring element of the last generation supplied the great men of the present,

and from the present generation of that class we must look for the coming geniuses of the next. Great men's sons seldom accomplish anything great. Of this fact so lamentably true, I only make mention for the encouragement of those whom it may concern. Talents are rarely inherited; genius is seldom bequeathed, and an honored name is only honorable by its keeping. And I sincerely thank God that these statements are true, especially that it is true in America, where we have no endless hereditary entailment of estates, no transmission of titles and no birthright privileges of superior caste; a land where all men are born equal, where merit is only accorded to those to whom merit is due; a land of liberty and freedom abounding in thousands of golden opportunities for wealth, fame and honors, thickly spread out on every hand, which ever wait for the men of courage, brain and enterprise to reach out and seize them; where the very air is pregnant and vibrant with opportunities beckoning him who has the hands and brain to reach out, grasp and coin them into fortune or mold them into crown of fame and wreaths of honor. Yes, yes, the great illimitable and unfathomable breadths and depths of eternal space are filled with the nebulae of shining ideas which God has prepared in ever inexhaustible oceans and seas of plenty and placed within the reach of those who think and are willing to reach. Glorious indeed is the age in which we live.

In ancient times the highest aim in training the youth was to teach him dexterity in wielding the sword and throwing the javelin.

Only in warfare was honorable distinction to be gained, and fame was won in the shedding of human blood. But not so now. Our great colleges, schools and institutes of learning are ever striving to inculcate lessons of morality, business, and human kindness. Patriotism and love of country are instilled in the minds of the young; and the example of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Joseph E. Johnston, who only fought for independence, liberty and in defense of their homes, is pointed out as a model, rather than Alexander the Great, Caesar or Napoleon, who waged war for conquest and power.

And so it is with our young women, too, who only a few years ago were regarded in this Southland of ours as only fit for the education that qualified them for the art of dressing well, making their forms attractive, their faces fair and their manners beautiful, to the end that they might grace the parlor and the ballroom and to flit like butterflies in the gardens of society and to be beautiful creatures. Alas! only now and then did one of them, disdainful of the ignoble bonds of a frothy society, dare to break away from the giddy whirl of her social environment, and giving vent to a noble ambition, launch forth into the realms of art, literature or other useful endeavor. Of a few such brave women, I recall the names of Mrs. E. D. E. Southworth, Caroline Le Hentz, Madam Levert, L. Virginia French, and our own Alabama

pride, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson. These and a few other names I might mention have, meteor-like, shot out and across the darkened horizon of our Southern literary sky, and made bright the noble firmament of our nation with the lustrous beauty and bright genius of Southern womanhood's intellectual brilliance. But they were only the pioneers in the field of woman's greater mission.

Under the more enlightened and liberal conditions of today woman is coming to be recognized not only as man's social but as his mental equal and the broader avenues of greater usefulness are being thrown open to her and she is every day, by thousands, proving by her energy, capability and diligence in literature, art, science and commerce that she is worthy to occupy every domain wherein man has heretofore alone been thought competent to reign. And oh! how I do love to see a pretty girl making music on a typewriter while she keeps time to her music with the jingle of dollars in her pocket, which her energy and independence have honestly earned. Yes, I love the independent working girls for they are Reachers, with the consciousness of individual self-support, and are not from necessity compelled to marry just any kind of a spider-legged dude or whiskey sucking son-of-a-gun who will promise to feed them for becoming their slaves, and who perhaps will soon desert them for the society of barroom bums, blatherskites, street-corner loafers and poolroom pinchbeck gentlemen of habitual leisure.

The Last of all of His Comrades to Fall*

The following lines were read on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to his memory on the spot where he fell:

He was the last of all his comrades to fall
In the dark storm of war now ending,
And in gloomy retreat, he perchance saw defeat
For the flag he'd been bravely defending.

All his duties well done, and war's honors won,
Fate kindly ordained he should die,
For his soul was too great to brook the defeat
Which was then so ominously nigh.

So 'tis well, it is well, he should sleep where he fell,
Where his life's blood hath hallowed the sod;
Yes, there let him rest, with his sword on his
breast,
Till awakened and called by his God.

Though in vain, all in vain, he sought to maintain,
Those ideals his Southland so cherished,
We will honor his name and embellish his fame,
Till all love from this world shall have perished.

In his uniform gray, 'neath the blood-reddened
clay,
Where opposing the despots he died,
In peace let him rest, by his countrymen blest,
Till on high he is called to abide.

*Lieutenant Andrew Jackson, a native of Tennessee, was killed in skirmish at Munford, Ala., about sunrise on Sunday, April 23rd, 1865, and was buried on the spot where he fell, near the Methodist Church.

Never tongue will deny, that for martyrs who die,
In a cause that is sacred and right,
A welcome awaits at the heavenly gates,
To homes of eternal delight.

And this martyred brave who sleeps in his
grave,
Consecrated with his own life's blood,
Will receive the reward that is promised of God
For all the unselfish and good.

Till then, till then, far removed from the din
Of all this world's troubles and blight,
Let the mocking bird's lay be his requiem by
day
And the stars keep his vigil by night.

But this stone we erect with profoundest re-
spect
To his honor and courage sublime,
And inscribing his name, we'll commit him to
fame,
As worthy to live through all time.

Now with "Peace to his dust," let us fervently
trust
That on high in a far better world,
'Neath the loved Stars and Bars, the God of
all wars
Will greet him with that flag unfurled.

August 28, 1914.

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